

[Verse 1: Paris]

What you know about that hip-hop that's corporatized?  
What you know about them porch monkey raps and lies?  
What you know about the image black men as pimps?  
And Flavor Flav-a\*\* country coon n\*\*\*as with limp?  
What you know about a mack MC with skills  
Who could spit and kick real sh\*t people could feel?  
What you know about the radio and fake-a\*\* clowns  
With the same ten songs, every city and town?  
What you know about that Hollywood culture fetish  
And who f\*\*kin' who and what b\*t\*hes is wearin'?  
And who gettin' fat and who adoptin' who  
And what n\*\*\*a got arrested now actin' a fool?  
What you know about these rappers on Crips at night?  
Shootin' pool with no motherf\*\*kin' books in sight  
Grinnin' grills when they showin' off they rims and ice  
With that (Ha!), wish them dumb motherf\*\*kers be quiet  
See, I'm fresh outta favors, so excuse my tone  
This bullsh\*t been goin' on way too long  
Who decide what you listen to and what gets shown?  
Who decides what message get inside your home?  
I'm knowin' all about devil-a\*\* Jimmy Iovine  
And all of the rest of the killin' machine  
Debra Lee and the BET hoes and demons  
Dealin' dope through the radio and video screens  
I'm sayin', what if we demand a change?  
And blow heads off 'stead of complainin'  
I'll bet then you listen what folks sayin'  
When we say we had enough, knowin we ain't playin'

Now get fired up

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H. and Sandy Griffith]

(Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)

Look at what they doin' to me

(Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)

Look at what they doin' to me

[Verse 2]

Oh yeah, and f\*\*k these political hacks  
Wanna act like they the mouthpiece for Blacks  
Jesse Lee and Ward Connerly and Keyes, attack  
Anything Black when white folks writing the checks  
And in fact, I could see hella n\*\*\*as is blind  
Like Armstrong leavin' every child behind  
And McWhorter's a w\*\*\*\* too, sh\*t is a crime  
Clarence Thomas couldn't ever be a brother of mine  
I shine light on that bullsh\*t, it's all self hate (Yeah)  
Who the next face to betray the race?  
I place bets that the real people sure to relate  
When I blast on that bootlickin' masquerade, and say  
"Hold up, wait a minute, n\*\*\*a stop please  
Me don't suffer from victim mentality  
All we ever did was try to get a piece  
Of the pie that supposedly for everybody"  
Real talk, somebody best tell Russell  
Fo' street n\*\*\*as catch his a\*\* up in a tussle  
Drop squad in effect man, de-program  
We throw his pink wearing a\*\* in the back of the van  
And say no more rap apologist, I quit  
Every diamond is a blood diamond, please forgive  
And see me redeemed for the deeds I did  
For that Def Jam scam pushin' poison to kids  
Now get fired up

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H. and Sandy Griffith]

(Oh-wa-oh)

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I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)

Look at what they doin' to me

[Verse 3]

What about these racists that talk that sh\*t

'Bout these immigrants, like they claim to it's legit?  
Like they ain't stole it anyway, murdered and pillaged  
Like they justified, cryin' 'bout they want to get rid of  
It's the one-two-three, the three to two-one (Yeah)  
This nation was built on the backs of brown  
Slave trade and the dead red population  
Put the yellow man in a camp concentration  
Now, I blast on these right wing hoes  
Now, who'll be the first exposed?  
Hannity with that weak doublespeak his tone  
I'll make his drop out bartenderin' a\*\* get thrown  
And f\*\*k Mike Savage, radio snake  
With that bully bullsh\*t minuteman debate  
Pro-life, pro-war, man, it's all pro-hate  
Do him in for his sins and Katrina disdain  
And uh, motherf\*\*k yo' taxes b\*t\*h  
While Chevron is stackin' chips  
While they send another off to die  
Send another young body to Iraq with lies  
What the f\*\*k you gonna say to me? I see right through it  
Through the smokescreen, keepin' folks meaner and stupid  
Through the fake fear, fake tears, pride and collusion  
Ain't no fakes here, all I see is lies and abuses  
P (Dog), still the one you can't f\*\*k with  
Educated then a motherf\*\*ker, I see clearly  
Can't be whupped or debated, can't break my spirit  
Never bought off, never go soft, and never fear it  
Hear it loud when I say it, that's the way that it go  
Hear it loud, cause I'm killin' 'em with words in a row  
B\*t\*h, it ain't Paris Hilton, it's the murderous flow  
Only P-Dog spittin' is the Paris you know  
Now get